GOLDSMITH AND AMERICA.

He Paid His Passage to This Country, Although He Did Not Come.

Oliver had but lately completed a rather wild and irregular course of study in college, and his kinsfolk had insisted that he should become a country parson, as his poor father had been before him. He felt his unfitness for such a calling, but he cared less for that than for some of the irksome restraints that it would impose. For instance, he could not bear the thought of being obliged to wear a long wig when he preferred a short one, or of being always dressed in a black coat when one of bright color suited his fancy so much better. He had frankly told his relatives that he preferred pretty clothes to the hard lot of a poor parson; and yet, as neither he nor they could think of any other business for which he was better fitted, he at last consented to apply for holy orders. But when the time came for him to go to the Bishop of Elphin to be ordained, he could not resist the temptation to wear a pair of beautiful scarlet breeches with long hose and the brightest buckles. For would he not become a parson to-morrow, and be forever afterward condemned to sober black? The good bishop was horrified at such levity, and refused to ordain him. Perhaps upon examination he found that the young man was entirely ignorant of the catechism.

This failure of Oliver's had been much less of a disappointment to him than to his friends. But as he was now 23 years old, and his mother was very poor, it was highly necessary that he should find something to do. And so he had found employment as a private tutor in a wealthy family near Lissoy. From his pupils' point of view, he was, no doubt, an accomplished and successful teacher. He was only a great boy himself, and life would have been one long holiday to everybody if he could have had his own way. But his way did not please his employer, and finally, after a quarrel for which Oliver was doubtless to blame, he was dismissed. The money which he had earned at tutoring, however, was sufficient to equip him as a knight errant, for it enabled him to buy the horse and the splendid new suit of clothes with which, as I have said, he rode one fine morning into the city of Cork.

To his great satisfaction he found a ship already in port waiting only for favorable winds to sail for America. He lost no time, therefore, in selling his horse and in making a bargain with the captain for his passage to the New World. Then he sailed out to see the town. He had no difficulty in making friends; for he had money in his pocket, and he proceeded to share it with all the beggars and street loafers that he met. He was ready to relieve every case of distress that came to his notice, and many were the boon fellows whom he helped to entertain at the tavern. Several days were passed in this way, and the thirty pounds in his pocket had dwindled to but little more than thirty shillings; and still the ship, upon one pretext or another, delayed its sailing. One fine night, however, while Oliver was in the country enjoying himself with some newly-made acquaintances, a favorable wind sprang up, and the captain, entirely neglectful of his passenger, ordered the vessel to be cast loose from her moorings and the sails to be set for the voyage. And in the morning, when Oliver sauntered leisurely down to the wharf, he found that he had been left behind.—St. Nicholas.

Cat Stops a Monkey Fight.

A battle royal between monkeys took place yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock in the window of a down-town animal importer, to the great delight of all who could crowd near enough to the scene to see the conflict.

Six young monkeys were playing in a cage behind a big plate glass window. Suddenly the monkeys took it into their heads to scrap. They sprang at each other in the wildest way and hair flew at a lively rate.

There was no apparent reason why the creatures should have gone at each other, but go at each other they did. A Donnybrook fair was not in it as compared with the way these monkeys plugged and chewed each other. Each one seemed to be for himself and against all the others.

The crowd of men and boys on the sidewalk yelled with excitement for several minutes.

Finally a boy who is employed at a neighboring restaurant appeared with a big gray and black cat in his arms.

"Let me get near the window," he cried, "and I bet my cat will scare the life out of the whole lot of them monkeys."

The crowd let the boy through. The lad held his Thomas cat up to the glass, and instantly Mr. Cat straightened out his whiskers and commenced spitting.

That was enough.

The gang of monkey fighters heard the spitting and quit. Their fury was quieted in a jiffy, and they jumped to the farthest corner of the cage with an unanimity that was as pronounced as their natural aggressiveness had been. —New York Journal.

Armament of a British Battleship.

The complement of a battleship is usually largely in excess of that of a cruiser. The British cruiser Powerful, now in course of construction, will be an exception to the rule. The Naval and Military Record (British) notes that the Admiralty has decided to man the vessel with a crew of 894 officers and men. The Terrible, a sister ship, will carry an equal number. The vessels of the Royal Sovereign class (the largest battleships afloat) carry a complement of 730 officers and men each, including the admiral's staff. The number of men to man the new cruisers will be none too many, the Record says, to work the large number and variety of guns and torpedoes with which they will be armed. The armament will be by far the most effective yet supplied to any vessel of the cruiser type. It will consist of two 9.2-inch breech-loading, twelve 6-inch quick-firing, sixteen 12-pounder 12-hundredweight guns, one 12-pounder 8-hundredweight boat's gun, one 12-pounder 8-hundredweight service gun, twelve 3-pounder Hotchkiss quick-firing guns, and nine Maxim machine guns. There will also be supplied about twenty Whitehead torpedoes for use with submerged torpedo tubes, four of which will be built into each vessel. Although these ships have been in hand for nearly a year, the contractors do not expect to have them ready until the beginning of 1897. They will then have to undergo a long series of official trials, so that at the earliest they cannot be ready for sea until the spring of 1898.

Depew a Poor Man.

The following is anent the report that Mr. Depew is to wed a rich Southern widow:

It would doubtless be a fortunate thing for Chauncey Depew if he should marry a rich woman. Not many people know it, but Mr. Depew is laboring under certain financial restraints. Most men would think themselves rich with $50,000 a year. Not so with Depew. He admits $50,000 to be a very comfortable income, but inasmuch as he spends about $52,000 every twelve months he has not accumulated much of a reserve fund. In fact, Chauncey Depew is, comparatively speaking, a poor man. Of late he has thought a good deal about what would become of him if he were to break down in health, or if he should lost his job with the New York Central. Moreover, Mr. Depew has political aspirations. He has never wholly abandoned the idea that he may some day be president of the United States. If he could only get out from under the shadow of the railways, he thinks, his chances would be much improved. A year hence, if he should wed some rich and lovely young woman, Dr. Depew might say good-by to the New York Central and invite the Republican party to look him over while searching for a candidate.—Chicago Times-Herald's Washington letter.

Manufactured Diamonds.

If that ingenious animal, man, strays much further along the paths of discovery and invention poor old Mother Nature will find her occupation almost gone. The latest successful attempt of science to emulate the workings of natural laws has been in the making of diamonds. These marvelously beautiful minerals are simply crystallized carbon. The theory of their formation is that fiery, eruptive matter is thrown into an upper layer of earth rich in carbon, which, slowly cooling, assumes the crystalline form. The question occurred to a French scientist, "Why cannot I crystallize carbon and so make dian onds?" He has recently performed experiments with wrought iron carbon, which he melted and then very slowly cooled. Tiny but sparkling diamonds were the result. Almost simultaneously with the French discovery of the process of diamond manufacture a Russian chemist announced that he, too, could make artificial diamonds. Each man had carried on his investigations wholly without knowledge of the work of the other, and, except that the Russian used silver carbon, the method and results were nearly the same. The stones are very small as yet, but it is said that it will soon be possible to make them of a marketable size.—Demorest Magazine.

Avoiding the Doctor.

Doctor Sanderson, an old Scotch physician, used to tell some droll stories of the medical profession in his early days. In the first year of his practice smallpox was so common that there were few people who were not more or less pitted with it. Various cosmetics were in use to lessen the attendant disfigurement, but one old lady, who had grown accustomed to her face in the glass, refused to make use of any such preparation.

"Faith," she exclaimed, when one was recommended to her, "afore I paint, I maun use putty!"

So well known was the doctor's lack of ceremony, that the ignorant were chiefly anxious to escape him. The story goes that as he was passing along the street one day a sweep rolled from top to bottom of a staircase, outside one of the houses.

"Are you hurt?" called the doctor, running forward.

"Not a bit, doctor, not a bit," replied the man, in haste. "Indeed, sir, I feel a' the better!"

Vibrations of a Pianoforte Wire.

Although the pianoforte is the most popular instrument of the day, it is surprising how many of its professional performers fail to make it interesting. This while to a great extent is a matter of temperament, is often, undoubtedly due to ignorance of the dynamic effect of "touch" as affecting the vibration of the strings. A most interesting light has been thrown upon this subject by a series of photographs taken in Germany of the motion of the pianoforte wire when struck in different ways. It was found that the duration of contact was longer with feeble than with hard striking. The most important result was the proof that when a wire is struck at a point between one-seventh and one-ninth of its length the fundamental tone has a maximum, and the harmonics—especially the third—are very feeble. Hence a wire thus struck gives its strongest and richest tone. This is an instructive fact for musicians as a base for what will be to many of them a new line of study.

Typographical Blunders.

The Bookman says that Laurence Hutton, in writing an article for Harper's Weekly on the recent literary consolidation in New York city, found in his final proof a very glowing sentence descriptive of "Mr. Lenox's vest button." Mr. Hutton had no recollection of having eulogized any portion o. Mr. Lenox's garments, and on sending for his copy found that the original read "Mr. Lenox's vast bequest." In the last number of the Bookman Ibsen's portrait bore the legend, "The Master," but the intelligent compositor, apparently with an eye to the hand mirror into which Ibsen is gazing, very nearly sent the picture to press described as "The Masher."

Killed by a Peanut Skin.

Margaret Kilpatrick, 19 months old, daughter of John H. Kirkpatrick, of Pittsburg, died from the effects of attempting to swallow a piece of the skin of a peanut. While eating peanuts Margaret was seized with a violent fit of coughing which almost threw her into spasms. Physicians found a piece of peanut skin in the child's throat. Tracheaotomy was performed, a silver tube being placed in the throat and the neck being cut. Shortly after the child died. The physicians say that the shock incident to the operation killed the child.

LOCOMOTIVES SEEM TO KNOW.

Engineer Tells of a Sample Incident in Railroading.

"I will tell you about one of the strangest freaks of a locomotive that ever occurred in my experience on the road," said Harmon P. Butler, the best-known Southern Pacific engineer in California, the other day. "It happened in the summer of 1884, when I was pulling freight from Tucson, Ari., to Los Angeles, and I have never come across anybody who could give an explanation of my experience, and have never been able to see through it myself. You may draw your own conclusions.

"The night I had my experience was dark and stormy. It was in the period of peculiar storms and cloudbursts down in Arizona. I was ordered from Tucson for the overland express that left there at midnight. The fireman seemed to be slower than usual, and he had a great time getting his coal placed in the tender. The locomotive hostler at the roundhouse had forgotten to fix the oil valves, and the boiler never made steam so slowly. To make matters worse, the train dispatcher kept us in the station a plump hour past the regular leaving time, and just before we started the conductor came to me and said the general superintendent was on board the train and would go way through with us. Well, we pulled out of the station with my mind made up to reach our destination on time if the wheels would stay under her. As soon as were out of Tucson I put on all the steam and let her go. But she didn't seem to move at half her usual speed, and then she didn't make steam well, either. I began to be impatient, and scolded the fireman for not doing good work with his fire. He seemed to try his best, but it was no go. She would not steam well, in spite of his exertions. Then the pumps began to be troublesome. One of them stopped working altogether, and the other became more ineffective every minute. It began to dawn on me that making up time was out of the question.

"When we left Maricopah we were one hour and ten minutes late, and the conductor had just made a remark that nettled me quite a little. I asked him if there were any orders at Maricopah. He answered: 'None except to try to get to Yuma in time for dinner,' which was pure sarcasm, for if we made our running time we would get there in time for breakfast. Well, my heart was clean down in my boots, and when I shut off the steam going into Big Wells I found the water so low in the boiler that something had to be done for the pump before we could leave the station, as there was then a heavy grade to climb for several miles. I informed the conductor that we would be delayed fifteen or twenty minutes with the work of taking down one of the pumps, and then proceeded with the work. We were just about ready to start again when I heard the sharp whistle of an engine, and, looking up, I saw a special tourist excursion train from Southern California approaching from the very direction in which we were going. When the train pulled into the station we found that the telegraph operator at Maricopah had neglected to give us meeting orders for this train. Had it not been for the pumps we would have rushed on to what would probably have been one of the most terrible collisions in the history of railroads.

"Now comes the remarkable part of the story. From the time we left Big Wells both pumps worked like a charm—bear in mind that I found nothing whatever the matter with the pump that I had taken down, and there was apparently no reason for its not working—and the old engine seemed to dart along with twice her usual speed. Gradually she began to pick up time again, and in the next fifty miles we made up fifteen minutes, which was lightning speed in those days. There were just nineteen minutes to make up in the last twenty miles in, and I need not say that we pulled into our destination on time. Here was an instance of a cranky engine saving a collision that would probably have resulted in a great loss of life and property."—New York Sun.

Ancient Minerva Found.

From Delphi is announced the discovery of a colossal statue of Minerva in poros lithos, with traces of polychrome coloring, but unfortunately the head is wanting. Some important fragments of an archaic group in marble, representing a lion tearing to pieces a bull, have also come to light, as well as the fine reliefs which adorned the front of the scena in the ancient theater. So far have been recovered the representation of Hercules shooting arrows against the Stymphalian birds, the contest of Hercules with Antaeus and that with the sea monster for the deliverance of Hesione, and a portion of the Centauromachia. It appears that when the works at Delphi are concluded, the French school will resume its labors at Delos, where recent researches have raised hopes that the whole of the ancient city may be excavated. Among the statues recently found at Delos, three of particular importance have been transported to the State museum at Athens. One of these represents a fine athlete, apparently a copy of a work of Polycletus, the other two being a heros and a female figure of rare beauty.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bryant's Early Pecuniary Rewards.

It is amusing to know how small were the pecuniary rewards of Bryant's literary labors, whatever may have been the fame they brought him. Two dollars a poem was the price that he named, and he seemed to be abundantly satisfied with the terms. A gentleman met him in New York many years after, and said to him, "I have just bought the earliest edition of your poems, and gave $20 for it." "More, by a long shot," replied the poet, "than I received for writing the whole work." —Century.

Hard Work for Most Immigrants.

Over one-fourth of the immigrants who come to this country are unskilled laborers and find employment in the most arduous forms of manual labor.

About the wisest looking thing in the world is a country boy who has been boarding in town and studying law three or four months.

WHIPPED A PRINCE.

How Poor "Tom" Benton Fell Foul of England's Future King.

"Tom" Benton occupied for many years—in fact, until his death—a responsible position in the household of Queen Victoria. Benton, who was of humble birth, was but a lad at Brighton when his parents died within a few months of each other. It was shortly after the Queen's attention was called to the young boy under rather peculiar circumstances.

One day while Benton was gathering shells on the beach at Brighton to make pincushions, which he sold to the summer visitors, a young boy, nicely dressed and about his own age, appeared upon the scene and scattered with a vigorous kick the accumulated shells. Benton gathered up his treasures, and, placing them again in a pile, warned the intruder that if he repeated the trick he would give him a "good licking."

The kick was repeated with even more vigor than before and the shells sent flying in every direction. True to his word, the "poor boy" soundly thrashed the stranger. It was a close contest at first, as the lads were quite evenly matched, but the more fully developed strength of Benton finally brought him off victorious.

Just as the melee was over a gentleman and lady approached, and the former said: "You did quite right, young man; we have seen the whole transaction. This boy is our son, but he was the aggressor, and received the thrashing he well merited." A number of questions were asked the lad as to himself and his family. The replies told the boy's life, how the death of his parents had brought poverty to himself and his brothers and sisters.

"This is the Queen," said the gentleman, who was none other than Prince Albert, "and the young man to whom you administered such a merited whipping is the Prince of Wales." Turning to the Prince, he continued: "You must send this young man to school and pay for his tuition out of your own pocket money. That cannot add to your punishment, but can benefit this poor lad with whom you picked such an uncalled for quarrel."

Thus it was that "Tom" Benton met the Queen of England. He was sent to school about midway between Portland and Dover. After completing his studies there he was taken into Her Majesty's service and remained there his entire life. Between Benton and the Prince of Wales there was a strong bond of friendship, such as could exist between a true manly man and the future King of England.—New York Herald.

The jawbones of a whale are sometimes twenty feet in length, and the mouth, when wide open, is 12x18 feet. The throat, however, is so small as scarcely to admit a hen's egg. The whale gets his living by straining the animalculae and small fish out of the water he takes into his capacious mouth. It must be slow work, but, then, he has plenty of time and nothing else to do, so he attends to his eating so resolutely that he often accumulates a ton of oil in his bulky system.

The sea-anemone resembles in shape a morning glory. Its mouth opens like the cup of that flower, and above it are seen a number of tentacles waving in the water. Its food consists of anything it can get, but generally it gets the minute insects that float in the sea. At any alarm it closes its cup and is then hardly distinguishable from the rock on which it is rooted. It has a set of sucker muscles that attach it so firmly to the rock that it will sometimes be torn in pieces rather than let go.